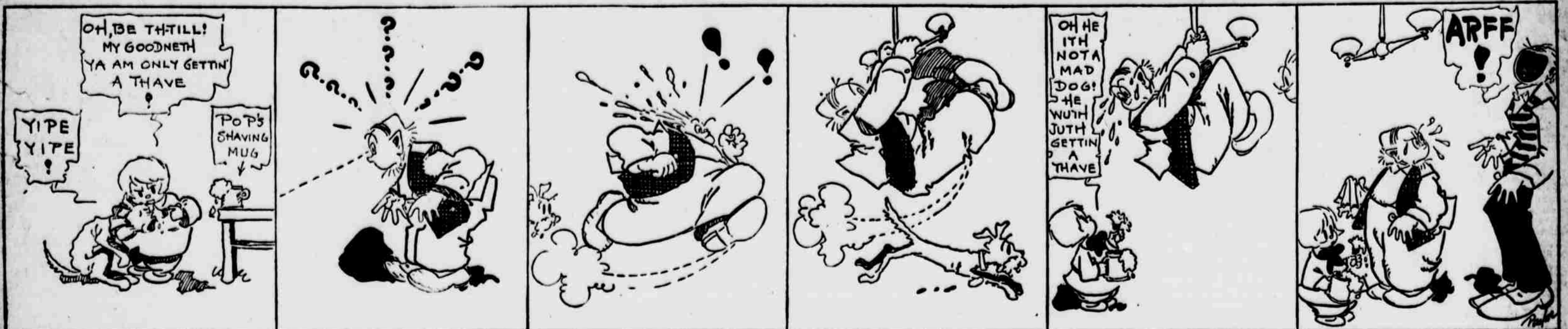


"S'MATTER, POP!"

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By C. M. Payne



"ACTING FOR ONE FILM COMPANY BANE ENOUGH." SAYS AXEL!

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Vic



WHAT'S THE USE!

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By Callahan



BOBBIE, HIS DOG AND THE DOGCATCHER

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

By L. W. Ford



The Jarr Family

by Roy Lee McCordell

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

66 NOW you must be nice to your papa when we meet him," said Mrs. Blodger. "Your papa is very sensitive."

"He's no papa of mine!" snapped Miss Irene Cackleberry. "I should say not!" added Miss Gladys Cackleberry, the subject of their stepfather's love about the only one on whom these two girls were in accord.

"Oh, come, come, girls!" said Mrs. Blodger. "They were all here when the calendar restaurant of the department store - 'you know the place' - was opened. And Mrs. Blodger couldn't deny it was an eight dollar hat!"

And Mrs. Blodger couldn't deny it was an eight dollar hat. In fact, it was an imported sixteen dollar one.

"You wicked, wicked girl!" cried Mrs. Blodger to her eldest daughter. "And here I come over from Philadelphia to get you your fancy."

Least the male reader be misled by the word "fancy" let it be said that this is the general term women apply to the weird plumes and antennae or gigantic insect horns women are wearing on their small round hats at the present writing.

"And," dry sobbed Mrs. Blodger, "and I was risking my life right here in this store to get you - here she turned to the younger daughter - a chiffon taffeta suit!"

"Huh!" sniffed the waifish Irene. "I wouldn't have worn the thing; it was an old style draped skirt. I want a tiered dress."

A "tiered" dress, by the way, is that style of skirt that looks like a set of Chinese gongs superimposed on each other. Miss Irene Cackleberry had her mind set on a tiered gown of half an octave, at least.

"Oh, Mrs. Jarr!" cried Mrs. Blodger, formerly Cackleberry. "You can bless your stars that your little girl is such a child. I hope you will never see the day that I have seen when your little daughter will turn upon you because your second husband married you instead of her."

"There isn't going to be any second husband," remarked Mrs. Jarr. She might have explained this because of the robust indications of longevity Mr. Jarr's appearance betokened, or she might have intimated that she would mourn her departed mate like the faithful cooling dove doth. But there was no time for either, because both the Miss Cackleberrys interrupted by declaring in one breath that they wouldn't have married Bernard Blodger, gentleman loafer, if he were the last man in the world.

"Well, I'm sure this will be a warning to you, Mrs. Jarr!" said the heckled mother.

Mrs. Jarr shook her head to signify it would be, when Miss Irene Cackleberry suggested that her mother stop talking about the awful person she married and give them some money.

"I'm sure your mother will do anything you ask, girls," interposed Mrs. Jarr, soothingly. "I know she will, if you will only be nice to her. If she has married Mr. Blodger that can't be helped now, and perhaps he would be all you might wish if you were only nice to him."

"Well," said the older daughter, "I always despise him, but for now's sake I'll try to treat him as though he were human. I'll even forgive the velvet hat if mawr will buy us something."

"Here comes your stepfather now; I was to meet him here," said Mrs. Blodger. "Now be nice."

"Nice!" shouted the dear things. "Look at him! You bought HIM a fur coat, too!"

There's Domestic Discord in the Blodger-Cackleberry Family

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

Planting Seeds.

M R. and Mrs. Jones were very proud and fond of their chick-ens. Great, therefore, was their consternation when, on coming down the other morning for their breakfast eggs, they noticed that a favorite hen was missing, relates An-swers.

"It must have been stolen," said Jones. Just then he observed Brown of next door digging in his garden.

Brown, who was a man of few words, was usually in bed at this hour, so Jones put his head over the wall.

"Good morning! What are you working at so early in the day?" he asked suspiciously.

"Planting," "Planting what?" persisted Jones. "Seeds," said Brown. "There was a short from Jones, who had suddenly seen something. "Seeds!" he shouted. "Why, that's one of my fowls you're lurring, you scoundrel!" "That's all right - seeds indeed!" said the honest Brown, as he re-turned his digging.

THEN - HE TURNED AROUND!

Copyright, 1914, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.)

NAME'S FRIEND

SAY, MAME, WHAT DO YOU SEE IN THAT BIG BOOB YOU'RE KEEPIN' COMPANY WITH? HE MIGHT BE A GOOD GUY IN A WAY, BUT HE AINT FIT TO PAL WITH A SWELL DOLL LIKE YOU - NOW I'D APPRECIATE HIS CHANCE - AND -

Not a Sticker.

"T HEY tell me you've lost your hired man?"

"Yep; best farm hand I ever had."

"Who! What was th' matter?"

"Nothin'. John's a German, you know, and these here Germans hev what they call the wanderlust. It's somethin' that keeps 'em movin' from one place to 'other, an' don't let 'em stay long anywhere."

"That's queer, ain't it? How long had John been with you?"

"Only eleven years." - Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

INDIGESTION, GAS OR BAD STOMACH

BRADFORD'S PINK PILLS

An excellent corrective of all disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels. It cleanses the system, produces a healthy and robust condition and gives strength. Box of 50 pills, 25c; 100 pills, 50c. Trial size, 10c.

At all drug stores or by mail, BRADFORD'S PINK PILLS CO., 400 West 23d St., N. Y.